## FACTS ABOUT ROAD HORSES.

AN INSTRUCTIVE TALK WITH A VETE. RAN NEW YORK HORSEMAN.

Abases to which Good Horses are Subjected by Inskilful Drivers How Our Best Horse. men Drive Life and Incidents on the Road -Pamous Men and their Noble Beasts. "Yes," Mr. Gabriel Case said in answer to

s query, as he leaned back in a comfortable good road horse is ruined by careless and igno-

the road during your long experience?"

"Well, yes." Mr. Case replied, rubbing his hig head thoughtfully. "I've seen some lively brushes, a few runaways, and a little promiscu-Then, thinking for a moment, he "and many things that made my blood boil, as they would that of any lover of the horse. For instance, drunken brutes bebind a good team or horse, yanking and jerking them from one side of the road to the other, after they had driven pell mell over the rough hard pavements, all the way from the city. These brutes not only risk their own worthless fives, but the lives of respectable horsemen and nable horses. Thanks to the mounted police. however, this rufflanism is fast dying out, and is promptly punished when indulged in within

After a few puffs at his cigar, Mr. Case conof injudicious Criving. Some young fellows will hire a good back team or single horse. Many of these horses can hake good time. When the boys get on the read they drive merplessly. It makes no difference to them whether v are on stone, sand, or earth roads, they n their traces. The only rest the horses get is when their senseless drivers stop for a

Taking a few more puffs at his cigar, Mr. Case settled himself back in his chair and went

Then there are men who will purchase good rotters without knowing how to handle them. on the time they leave their stables until the horses stagger into them on their return, they speed at every opportunity. The result is, the ses soon become lame, knocked up, and the of them burst their quarters. But, thank Lord, there are no such drivers among our

dents on the road." is harnessed all right and that his rig is d order." across the road at a little mare

art, big, warm-hearted v called by those who "Here, you've got too "Then turning to the much load for that mare. Then turning to the writer, he said. "You see this is the only earth road out of New York for gentlemen to speed their horses over. The Commissioners ought takeep it in order, but they don't so we have to attend to it. I've got three of my men working fnow."
o road, as far as could be seen up to and
ad the broad 'urn toward Jerome Park, was
other and harder than a well kept race-

Who are the best drivers on the road?"
Who are the best drivers on the road?"
Well, that's a mighty difficult question to wer." Mr. Case replied, lighting a fresh ar. rubbing his head, and settling back if in his chair after a dozen puffs of smose i wreathed over his gigantic and well-knit

Jused to think that Commodore Vanderbitt is the best horse engineer I ever saw. He id whiz along and pass closer to a hubbout knocking the varnish off than any prostonal driver on the road. Then there is Robert Bonner, whom I haven't seen on road for a long time. He drives with ellent skill and judgment, knowing twhere and when to speed his horses when to jog them. His son Allte is brother David are wonderfully didrivers. You never see a horse lame brother David are vers. You never see a horse lame or handling. William H. Vanderbif see admirably, speeding his team at the see and never injuring them. His seas handles the ribbons like a true of the Commodore, Mr. John H. of the Commodore, Mr. John H. g them. His son as like a true de-Mr. John Harndies the rethe Commodore. Mr. John
he Commodore. Mr. John
he road against John Murphy and
Then Mr. Watson the dry goods
along a team that cost him \$10,000.
a record of 2:27. It is one of the
aghts on the road to see him spin
them. Sheppard Knapp handles the
thought over his fast Duroe an

ares. William H. Turnbuil drives like a n, and is a hard man to pass. George is one of the most skilful and e drivers on the road; he han-he reins as though he was bornt pair in his hands. Shed Shook is dy and scientific single driver, and more is a ratting double toam propeller, sell of the Heffman House drives a splentim with great skiil. Dunn Walton is one best double-team drivers in New York, orner of the Clarendon hoids the ribbons an elegant team in a firm and artistic e. Mr. Moniton, the Onio stock raiser, a spirited team through the ruck with a twist of the wrist, and Fred Ryderbock along safely behind first-class roadsters, ere are scores of men." Mr. Case contained in the lines admirably that I cannot of at present."

The best drivers meet with accidents?" ry seldom, though they occasionally come er, as was the case with Foster Deweymer, when his mare was killed by composition with the horse of another good.

ut 2:35 or 2:40. Mr. Vanderbilt's Lady I Small Hopes have scored 2:23 on the It is said that a noted horseman is work-am that can trot in 2:20." here as much fun on the road as there

smill, with Virginia Maid, often astonthe boys on the avenue,
es days were great events then," Mr. Case
und, after another pull at his cigar. "I
shall forget the match between Roanoko
illage Boy, to sleights, in front of Ike
uff's, in Third avenue. The horses were
an pacers, noted for their speed. Come Vanderbilt was on the road that day,
venue was lined with spectators for a
nd the backers of the horses, who had
d themselves with hot whiskeys in Dan
s, Andrew Howell's or Ike Woodraff's
yelled themselves hoarse as the trotters
pact them."

rasicht pause, and a few more puffs at car. Mr. Case slapped his knees emphatical went on: But the great trot between a Chief and Ajax, in Third avenue, to is, drew out the greatest crowd. The swere evenly matched, and had many rs. Every huckster that could raise a was on the road that day. They didn't a money up then, but if a man said. The unit of the could raise a less so long ago I don't recollect which won.

won.

our remember," Mr. Case resumed, after er whill or two, "the funny pletures they ouget out of Lize and Mose behind a raw-lroiter, and the Bowery boy twisting his is tail to get another mile out of him: the legend, 2:40, with tail over the dash-

"Yes, very clearly."
"Yes, very clearly."
"It was in sleighing times." the narrator continued, "when the poor horses had to suffer. They were kept on the go from afterneon until the next morning at daybreak. Even now horses are driven cruelly and mercilessly when there is good sleighing. They are slammed over the city streets through Central Park, and way out on the road, without a let up, and that is one reason why I never like to see sleighing in New York."

AMUSEMENTS.

Josh Whiteomb, In several respects the performance to be seen at the Lyceum Theatre is a remarkable 'Josh Whitcomb" is called a "three-act, omedy drama;" but, strictly speaking, it is not a drama at all. It is utterly barren of all the essentials of a drama. Its story-if the succession of weak incidents that bear very little rela tion to each other can be called a story-is plotless. It is devoid of suspense, doubt, mystery, or climax. It moves nowhere, and with an un-determinate waywardness dodges anything like a crisis. The relationship of the personages is of the flimsiest kind-they have no passion, no antagonism, no motive.

Nevertheless, the performance of "Josh Whitcomb" is one of the most unique and, in its loose and disjointed way, one of the most remarkable that I have seen for many a day.

That it is so, is owing mainly, if not alto

gether, to the extraordinary originality, fidelity, and simplicity of Mr. Denman Thompson's por traiture of the central and conspicuous personage, which is at once a type of broadly recog-nized character and a triumph of mimicry. The character itself is one which the Ameri-

can stage has been clutching after for many ther than meagre or exaggerated forms. Josh Whitcomb is an abounding fellow who is part of the social fabric of our civilization, and is as familiar to our lives as the American school I hard: "The greatest injury to horses comes | be a Congressman. A certain homespun frankness, honesty, and simplicity combined with cowyard boorishness, a homely manliness of character and a rough, narrow, practical wisdom make him everywhere in New England and along the Ohio and Wabash Valleys, and out in the new pastures of the border the same hard, thrifty, incorrigible American production with New England granite still in his composiion, and the same rugued, k ndly, active, fear less, indomitable, and simple nature making him the Uncle Josh of the homestead and the

He is to us a reminder of the hardy virtoes f our forefathers. He takes us back always to the calm, sweet spots in our lives where the sun shone with a brightness that will never come again. We think of him as the dear, dull, old primitive creature, who belonged to our pris-tine condition. We picture him as shut safely out of our conflict by green grass and impreg nable prejudices-always drinking out of old and believing with a sturdy stubbornness in the paramount greatness and goodness of George Washington in spite of the later humorists and

image breakers.

To get this old fellow upon our stage with his Spartan virtues, his uncouth fidelity to his con-victions, histignorance of social makeshift, his contempt for elegant shams, his barnyard wit, as pungent and rank and feeund as a dung heap, and his keen, unsophisticated judgment of right and wrong has been the desire and the effort of the American playwrights, because in catching him they were sure to obtain dis

tinctively American material.

How near Mr. Owens came to capturing him in Solon Shingle, or how completely Yankee Hill entangled him in the meshes of a protean exhibit, would be a vain inquiry now. We at least know that they were in long pursuit of him, and the history of our stage for a hundred years is dappled with the grotesque people who figured in his name and habiliments. To reproduce him without exaggeration as he

exists, unmistakable in his maiformed de-meanor and transparent integrity, so that everyhim, appears to have been left for Mr. Depman Thompson.

Josh Whitcomb, as we now have him at the

Lyceum Theatre, is wholly unlike any previous effort in the same direction. In fact, it is the meagreness of effort which chiefly distinguishes the impersonation.

The writer of this article cannot, of course

say how much of the excellence of Mr. Thompson's rôle is due to art, and how much to

It may be that the actor is Josh Whitcomb, and could not by any possibility be anything else. In that case the fidelity of the work is not owing to art, but to accident.

Still the fidelity remains as a part of the representation, and it is that which chiefly con-cerns us at this moment, and the critic cannot escape the reflection that if this is not Josh Whitcomb, it is a rare piece of acting, for the people who go to see it declare that it is not act hero come on as if the scene were part of his history, not just then commencing. They see no effort to play anything. The personage is as actual, as consistent, as untrammeded by any considerations of audience or stage effect as if

he were living a fact and not acting a part.

To find anything upon the dramatic stage which touches us with its wholesome simplicity in a direct, instantaneous way is a luxury, and I suppose the most flattering thing that can be said of Mr. Thompson's impersonation is that it needs no explanation and cannot be criti cised. For just now we are perplexed with forms of stage art that tax our ingenuity to the utmost for appreciation.

"Jane Shore" is of this complex and preten-tious order. Its eclecticism leaves no glaring point of merit. We might admire its good acting if it were not for its overpowering scenery. wine, and we have not been able yet to with-draw our attention from the magnificent flagon

I believe everybody is far more willing to con-cede Miss Ward's talents than to argue them. We dislike the labor of intellectual demonstration in those matters which were intended to

When the metaphysician steps in to prove the immortality of the soul, we are filled with wonder and discomfort that it needed such stupendous mental efforts.

"Jane Shore" is a most pretentious drama.

All its attempts to fascinate and move us have a pomposity and clang that amaze and startle

Its luridness oppressed me. It was like a sunset that commenced (to borrow an Irish license) at noon. Its high plane of misery had no curves, no depressions, nobreaks. Its crises carpenter, and well-dresed retinue. I thought Heavy Shore's misery at his wife's conduct was too trumpet-tongued. It seemed to me he was a little vain of his misfortune and didn't want to be deprived of it by any considerations of humanity. John Grist, the baker, walked upon the plebeian earth, but his language stuck in

The whole scheme of the drama was to me o that forceful, heroic order that does not accord with the undemonstrative taste and temper of vious enough to work out its own sequence of sympathy. The audience were like those pho-

tographic subjects who sit with an iron rod up their backs in the interest of sweetness and art. do has been done for "Jane Shore," and it be-

comes a serious question whether the sister arts cannot do too much.

At all events, it is interesting to turn to such an exhibition as is "Josh Whitcomb," for which the sister arts have done nothing—a meagre. find the-what shall I call it, genius, talent, art, natural aptitude-what you will-of one player ing everybody with the simplicity and truthful

ness of his exhibition. I can hardly recall enough of the story of "Josh Whitcomb" to particularize Mr. Thompgrow out of the narrative. It belongs to little episodes-curious and inimitable dabs of na ture here and there which together make a pic ture like one of those old Cuyps, without en semble, but full of separated beauty. But se In Now York."

Undershirts and drawers, 25c, 37c, 50c, Six dress thrist to measure, 59. Ready-made unlaundried, 75c, \$1 f. W. Johnston, 260 Grand st., also 427 6th av., cor. 20th character of the blay. The character of the absolutely does he hold the interest and catch

man shede its own benign illusion over the

There is one scene where, at the side of the poor dead woman in her garret, he bends himself, kneeling, over a wooden chair, to pray silently (in the good old rustic style that beongs to him), because the distress of the monent is too much for words. When the drunken husband comes in and recling stumbles over the corpse of his wife, and almost upsets Josh, the hero go to up and, seizing the set by his extremities, throws him out of the window and goes back to his prayers. This trivial incident becomes magnificent the moment it happens, because Josh's whole conduct is simply a natural determination not to be interrupted in his devotions. The humor of it, unlike the humor of every sketch of the kind that has preceded it springs from the exhibition of character, and not from the ludicrousness of the action.

In the last act we have a picture of Josh's home, and here the smell of the country pervades everything. No such pre-Raphaelite draught of rusticity has ever been set upon our boards. It is true the story goes nowhere, it vagrant bee, but we know there are flowers

The benignity of the old man rests on the scene with a summer glory. When he tells how his brother came back from California to visit him before he died, and they sat there on the fence and reminded each other of the times when they were boys together, the tender pathos of it creeps into all hearts unawares.
When his boy-the last of his family, and the

old man's pride-is arrested charged with robbing the Cheshire Bank, all the despair and shame and misery of this stanch old heart flows out of him, and nobody in the audience can tell where the acting is or fix upon the method. But all eyes are wet, and every man, woman, and child feels the potency of it.

I declare to you that the efficacy of this little

series of pictures, which they call a drama, has baffled me. I cannot formulate it. The charm appears to me, now I think of it, to reside in its evanescence, in its very vagueness, which is like one of Corot's landscapes, that give us the spirit of a scene without the body; or rather let me say it is the charm of the unplucked flower which delights us while we pass, but to pluck which is to fora the sovereignty of beauty into a dead souvenir.

I shall be told that it is our duty no less than

our privilege to search for art at the thestre in-

I shall not deny it. But there is a composite art overshadowing us in the playhouse that is wearisome. The joint efforts of the painters and costumers and revivalists grow a trifle wearisome. Too often we have seen the utter inadequacy of splendor and magnitude to do more than gratify our curiosity. Now and then we are convinced that simplicity and truth are far more operative.

It is in such little wayward fragments as Josh Whiteomb" that the eternal melody nums.

Here, the other day, Mr. Bronson Howard erected on the stage of the Park Theatre one of his grotesque edifices, and all the human interests that were invited to the opening preferred to sit down in the delightful outhouse of a sketch that preceded it. "Hurricanes" was only meant to be funny. Sapiency, which does not understand fun, mistook it for immorality, thanks to the better art of Mrs. Booth.

Hencety—to quote Josh Whitcomb will, one of these days, be the basis of art, and then everybody can take all they want without robbing anybody.

## FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Miss Buckingham's horse is acting at Niblo's. Pantomime adds a fresh charm to the Aquarium.
"Henry VIII." is in active preparation at Booth's.
Charles Pope is to play "Macbeth" at the Bowery next
work.

Max Maretzek opened his concert tour at Detroit on Maurice Grau left Europe for America on the 29th of Edward Harrigan is writing an Irish melodrama called

Fanny Morant announces that she is not engaged for The Court Theatre, Brooklyn, opens on Monday with Sardon's forthcoming drama is in rehearsal at the

Miss Davenport is still playing Occus at the Unior The Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery, is furnishing vigor-Miss Clara Louise Kellogg left Liverpool, homeward Rose Extinge produces the "Woman of The People" in Philadelphia Oss week. George P. Rowe's Dickens Combination opens the season in Utica on the 10th.

"Jane Shore" is the attraction at Booth's Miss Genevieve Ward may be seen nightly and at the Saturday The Music Trade Review has information to the effect that 8. B. Mills the planist will appear at Leipsig Gewand-nause concerts Oct. 1.

The Swiss national festival and shooting match by the Helvetia Rifle Ciub takes place at Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, on the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th.

Hret Harte's play, "Miliss," is to be done to morrow night at the Grand Opera House, introducing a young actress from California, Miss Annie Pixley.

Jos K. Emmet's "New Fritz," which contains nine of his new songs and dances, is to be presented in the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, this week, with Emmet's own company.

Thomas."

Mr. Thresdore Thomas's benefit is to be given at Gilmore's Garden on Wednessay evening. Music will be redered by the New York Philiarmonic Society. Miss Emma Abbott, and Signor Tagliapietro. The programme is unusually attractive.

Mme. Modleska's repertoire during her coming season will contain. "Adrienne," "Camille, "Frou Frou," "Romeo and Julied. "Fast Lyune," "Masks and Faces," and "Antony and Cleopatra."

The Hummel family, whose line of business resembles some what that of the favorite Bergers, start soon on their tour, with the promise of meeting with a most favorable reception from the public.

The New York theatre which has the courage to put a The New York theatre which has the courage to put a line on the house programme to the effect that the xylo-phone is not used in this establishment, will merit the thanks and patronage of people with cultivated ears.

Lowack, double bass.

Miss Stella Faustina, a young lady from Boston, pupil of the Brussel's Conservatory of Music, will be the vocalist of the Wishelm concert troupe. This lady's name figured in the prospectus of Mr. Mapleson's London season, but she did not appear there.

Mr Denman Thompson's performances of Joshia Whiteomb at the Lyccum Theatre have sleadily grown unon the public. The entertainment, aside from the excellence of the central figure, receives much embellishment from the pretty performance of Miss Wisson as To.

The managers of the Broadway Theatre have determined to play Miss Adah Cavendish as soon as possible, in order to avoid any further interviews. She appears to-morrow night as Mercy Merrick in the "New Magdalen."

O. Hannah Boggs; O. Hannah Boggs.
Why larkest thou where none can find?
Art thou a Hannah of the flesh. Or but a Hannah of the mind

In what sweet hamlet of the West,
If flesh thou art, dost thou abide?

For thee, O Hannah Boggs, for thee A thousand souls with verse perspire, And Rogers, William K., prepares With magic touch to rouse his lyre. Where er by mount or marsh thou art,
Where screech the owls or crosk the frogs,

O Hannah Boggs, O Hannah Boggs!

MEN WHO MET AT SCHALK'S.

JOURNALISTS, POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION AT LEISURE.

Where Bayard Taylor, Artemas Ward, Miles O'Rellly, and, Occasionally, Hornee Greeley Spent Many Hours Beside Round Tables. Not many days ago THE SUN recorded the death of Carl Schalk, whose name was once amiliar down town, especially among news paper men. Mr. Schalk was a cousin of Her-mar and Rudolph Schalk, the Newark brewers, and was related by marriage to Mr. Oswale Ottendorfer of the Staats Zeitung. In early life he was an active revolutionist in his native country, from which he was expatriated at about the time that Carl Schurz, Gen. Pranz Siegel, and other well-known Germans sought refuge here. Early in the late war Mr. Schaik, aided by the capital of his Newark cousins, opened a restaurant in Nassau street, just below Beekman. The location was in the very centre of newspaperdom, and it was not long before Mr. Schalk's patrons included many journalists and literary men. In those days the sale of lager beer was not by any means so common as it is now, the characteristic boast being that straight whiskey was good enough for Americans. From the start Mr. Schalk's business prospered. His beer was

of buying the best joints of meat and the freshest vegetables, and over and above this he had the good sense to charge reasonable prices. What with good beer and good cheer it was no wonder that the brain workers took kindly to him, nor was it surprising that he should make money rapidly.

It was not unusual, say from 1865 to 1869, to see from twenty to thirty journalists seated in Schalk's in the afternoon quaffing beer, or esting lunches, and there were times when twice that number made demands upon the hospitality of the house. The place became so well known at length that in any unusual emergency, when the newspapers were in want of ready writers, messengers were at once sent to Schalk's. It is not of record that they were ever disappointed in finding what they sought. Lest it should be surposed, however, that Schalk's was the headquarters of a roystering party of Bohemian bacchands, it may be well to explain that joility was never allowed to go beyond decent bounds. In Plat's Broadway cellar, on the contrary, the Bohemian Club, comprising Artenus Ward, Fitz James O'Brien, and other brilliant fellows of that day, there was a succession of maudlin debauches that have been made famous by the fame of the pader of the revels, poor Charlie Brown (Artenus Ward).

One of Mr. Schalk's constant guests was Bay-

netually lager beer, that had gone through the

necessary fermentation. His lunches were

plain, and plainly served, but he had the knack

of buying the best joints of meat and the

freshest vegetables, and over and above this he

have been made famous by the fame of the Isale r of the revels, poor Charlie Brown (Artemus Ward).

One of Mr. Schalk's constant guests was Bayard Tayler, traveller, journalist, poet, and diplomatist. Since those takes Mr. Tayler, improving by constant practice, has been known to put down 300 glasses of beer at a stagle sitting, but then his outside limit was 100 glasses, it has been suggested that Mr. Taylor's 300-glass exploit was an effort of patriotism. He was accredited to a beer-drinking court, and naturally wanted to qualify himself for the duties of his office.

An occasional visitor was Horace Greeley, who sometimes shuffled down from the Pribme office when work was pressing, and took a hurried lunch of roast beef and potatoes. He abhorred beer or liquor, and was never known to drink except when the boys on one occasion out "sticks" of brandy into his lemonade. They were light "sticks," but they lent a flavor to his lemonade that the old gentleman ever afterward missed in his innocent retations.

Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), although not a steady customer, was frequently to be seen at Schalk's, as he was, indeed, at any place where povial good fellows met. He was not fond of beer, although he wrote a charming little song in honer of Gambrinus, but rather than be a bar to good fellowship he would slake his thirst with stronger liquor, or more often with champagne. No matter how great his troubles—and he had plenty of them in the last years of his life—he was always full of quip and repartee, and overflowing with wit and humor. Many a poor scribler who had made a mistake in his profession, essaying to wield a pen rather than to shove a mek plane, or sport a yard stick, had reason to bless the genial kindness and ready generosity of Miles O'Reilly.

After the Bohemian Club at Pfaff's broke up.

a yard stick, had reason to bless the genial kindness and ready generosity of Miles O'Reilly.

After the Bohemian Club at Pfaff's broke up two or three of its surviving members drifted naturally into Schalk's. The most constant in his attendance was Harry Clapp, once one of the most noted paragraphists on the press of New York. He was one of the founders of the original Bohemian Club, and outlived most of its members, athough ne was comparatively an old man when it was started and the others were young. Harry's efforts toward the last were fiftul and irregular, but he never ceased to be a genial and entertaining companion. Frank Cahill, who was also a Bohemian, having been admitted within the charmed circle shortly before the dissolution of the club, could be seen nearly every day scated in front of a foaming flagon, or hobnobbing with Caleb Dunn, Bonner's poet, or with Nathan D. Urner, a profile writer of fletion and poetry for the New York Weekly and the Ledger, William Ross Wallace and Thomas Dunn English wers-among Schalk's steady patrons, as one Nat. Shepherd, who wrote many beautiful little poems; James Davis, known as "Siyad"), who wrote the led Fiannel Hoox for the World that stopped the manufacture of that material for some time; James E. Munson, ful little poems; James Davis (known as 'Sivad'), who wrote the Red Flannel Hoax for the World that stopped the manufacture of that material for some time; James E. Munson, the author of a system of stenography; William R. Rose, who did the translation of the best parts of 'Lee Miserables,' and received no credit for it; Prof. Walworth, now of the University of New York; Thoe, Davies, the son of Judge Davies of the Court of Appends, a brilliant young writer, and author of 'The Gain of a Loss;' Ned University, and odd-time reporter, who afterward became the k, of the Assembly; Fred, Gedney and Col. Sher; dan, who are now Civil Justices; Frank Ottarson, for stany years an editor of the Tribune; Montgonery schuyler, then an associate, but now the managing editor of the World; and last, but not least. Mortimer Thompson, known to fame as Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B., of No Hall, Nowhere, It was in Schalk's that the Press Club, now a flourishing institution, was started. Four young reporters there enrolled themselves as members of the Journalistic Fraternity, and announced that their objects were mutual improvement and rational enjoyment. For some time the Fraternity, which increased rapidly in membership, met in Schalk's and moistened its solemn deliberations with draughts of beer; but in the course of time a room in the Astor House was rented, and afterward the club removed to its present quarters. From a membership of four it has grown to be more than 300 strong.

Mr. Schalk was pever, in his palmiest days, a

Sership of John (2008).

Mr. Schalk was never, in his palmiest days, a thoroughly genial host, but, being courteous and polite, providing the best viands, and having the advantage of a central location, he met with great success. His death is sincerely rewith great success. by many who enjoyed his hospitality in

## bygone days. EXCITEMENT IN TRENTON.

Gen. Rusling's Arrest on a Charge of Fraudu-lent Conversion of Pension Papers.

sion Agent of New Jersey, on a charge of fraudulently converting to his own use the pen-sion certificate and you hers of a Mrs. Charlotte Allison, a lawyer of this city, who had during sion Agent in Trenton. Allison in his testimony

sion Agentin Trenton. Allison in his testimony alleged that the reason why Gen. Rusling had withheld the papers was that he wanted to charge the woman fifty cents for filling up the pension voucher. He said that he was the woman's attorney, and had an order from her for the papers. He also alleged that on Thursday night Rusling assaulted him when he and the woman went to demand the certificate. Ac. Allison, while in Court, threatened to knock the head off of Rusling, because he had accused him (Allison) of swindling.

Gen. Rusling said he had sent the certificate to Washington because he had ascertained that Mrs. Diecke had been remarried and had been fraudulently drawing a pension since 1859. Ho refused to give the papers to Allison, he said, because he (Allison) had attempted to swindle a poor woman, a solder's widow, out of her pension, and that he (Rusling) had compelled Allison to return the money to him. Gen. Rusling alleged that Allison had violently assaulted him in his (Rusling's) own office, and asked the court to dismiss the case and compel Allison to give bonds to keep the peace.

Justice Mills decided that no case of fraudulent conversion had been made out, and dismissed the complaint. On the decision being rendered Mr. Allison became very violent, accusing the Court of siding with the decision being rendered Mr. Allison became very violent, and threatening the General with a thrashing if he ever accosted him in the street. Both are well known in the State, both being strong Republican politicians.

Speedy Relief from the Nanson

Of pregnancy is insured by the use of that delightful
pacifier of the stomach, Milk of Magnesia. All druggists.

-Ade.

TROTTING IN POUGHKEEPSIE.

Three Events that gave Great Satisfaction to

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 7 .- The closing day of the September meeting at Hudson River Driving Park was successful, both as to the weather was delightful, and the grand stand was filled with ladies. At a low estimate, not less than 10,000 spectators were gathered in the circles on the grounds. The track was in fine

At 2 o'clock the horses were called for the first event-a purse of \$400, for horses that have never trotted better than 2:40; \$200 to first, \$100 a second. \$60 to third. \$40 to fourth : mile heats best 3 in 5, in harness. There were 17 entries, of which 9 came to the post-Landseer, Beile of Kings, Dolly Everett, Mariboro, Marathon, Chance, Fleetwood Queen, Jim Ward, and Kiemet.

Dolly Everett, \$30; Marlboro, \$25; field, \$20. Jim Ward was away first. Chance was first at the quarter, in 39. At the half mile, in 1:19, Fleetwood Queen had the lead. Belle of Kings won easily in 2:35. Chance second, Jim Ward third, Fleetwood Queen fourth. There was a tedious delay in scoring for the

cond heat. Jim Ward was first at the quarter second heat. Jim Ward was first at the quarter in 40 seconds, but broke. Belle of Kings took the lead at the half mile in 1:16%, and from there home she held her advantage, and won by a length in front of Chance in 2:32, Jim Ward third, Fleetwood Queen fourth.

The driver of Dolly Everett was ordered out of the sulkey by the judges in the third heat, and John Murphy was substituted in his place. At the word, Jim Ward shot from under the wire like a deer, and led past the quarter in 40% seconds, and the half-mile in 1:18%, maintaining his advantage into the homestretch. Coming down toward the distance stand, after a desperate struggle, Murphy by masterly driving landed Dolly Everett a winner by a nose in 2:34%, Jim Ward second, Chance third, Belle of Kings fourth. 34%, Jim Ward second, Chance third, Belle Kings fourth. Fleetwood Queen then went to the front in the

Fleetwood Queen then went to the front in the fourth heat, passed the quarter in 38 seconds and the half mile in 1:18. On rounding into the stretch Jim Ward, Dolly Everett, Beile of Kings, and Chance were all in a heap. Jim Ward, trotting level, came straight away from the others and won by a length from Dolly Everett, in 2:33%, Belle of Kings third, Chance fourth.

The fifth heat was a repetition of the Fourth, Jim Ward, at the word, trotted by the quarter in 40 seconds, and reached the half mile in 1:19, winning the heat by one length in 2:334, with Dolly Everett second, Chance third, Belle of Kings fourth,

winning the heat by one length in 2:33%, with Dolly Everett second, Chance third, Bolle of Kings fourth.

The sixth heat was a dead one between Jim Ward and Dolly Everett, in 2:34%.

Jim Ward and Dolly Everett, in 2:34%.

Jim Ward wen the seventh heat and the trot in 2:34%.

Jim Ward wen the seventh heat and the trot in 2:34%.

Belle of Kings teek second money, Dolly Everett third. The other horses were sent to the stable, according to rule, for not winning a heat in five.

The brilliant feature of the day was the 2:24 race for a purse of \$500; \$250 to first, \$125 to second, \$75 to third, \$50 to fourth; mile heats, \$28 best three in five, in harness. There were four statists, Stave Maxwell, Nil Desperandum, Champion, Jr., and Result.

In the first heat the pools ware; Steve Maxwell, \$60; Result, \$40; the field, \$25. The horses were sent away on even terms. Result vieled the pole on the turn to Steve Maxwell, who passed the quarter one length in front, in 38 seconds, making the half mile in 1:14%. On rounding into the homestretch, Result came away from the others, and with a brilliant spurt collared Steve Maxwell, and both horses went under the wire head and head in 2:27%; Nil Desperandum third, Champion, Jr., fourth.

When the word was given for the second heat, Champion, Jr., flew by the quarter in 38 seconds, and reached the half mile first in 1:15, and then broke. Nil Desperandum came from the rear, and took the heat by two lengths in 2:26%, Steve Maxwell second, Champion, Jr., third, Result fourth.

Steve Maxwell led off in the third heat, but in an instant Result, by fast trotting, changed places. He passed the quarter in 37 seconds, and went to the half in 1:13, retaining his lead easily, and going under the wire a winner by two lengths in 2:25%, Steve Maxwell second, Champion, Jr., third, and Nil Desperandum fourth.

Result won the fourth and flith heats and trot in 2:26 and 2:25. Nil Desperandum, was award-

fourth.

Result won the fourth and fifth heats and trot in 2:26 and 2:25. Nil Desperandum was awarded second money, Stove Maxwell third, Champion, Jr., fourth. The backers of Steve Maxwell lost a heavy amount of money on the result of this race. Moral: Bet on the bay stallion Result.

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: The Sun of last Saturday copied from a Cincinnati paper an account of the Beauchamp tragedy, that occurred in Frankfort, Ky., half a century ago. I passed the summer of 1844 in Bowling Green. Warren County, Ky., where I heard, even at that distant day, frequent mention of the Beauchamp-Sharpe homicide, but never once of the suicide of Miss Cook, the heroine. She was often spoken of as still living in retirement, with a relative, in the neighborhood. In the summer of 1844 occurred the Presidential campaign, in the latter of the success of the Poor for Long Island City, who alleges that the deen dants of discellent sundry and divers persons strong and spirituous liquides in quantities. crelative, in the neighborhood. In the summer of 1844 occurred the Presidential campaign, in which Messrs, Clay and Polk were the candidates. A mesting was announced at Bowling Green, where the Hon. Thos. F. Marshall, a recusant Whig, would address the people in behalf of Mr. Polk. The inhabitants turned out in force to hear the audacious renegate. Aly companion, a young lawyer, called attention to a lady and gentleman passing by in an open barouche. The woman appeared to be about 40, had a sharp nose, thin lips, with an abstracted, pensive air. That lady, said my acquaintance, is Miss Cook, the heroine of the Beauchamp tragedy. She resides in this vicinity. I expressed surprise, as I had thought she was long since dead. That is the general impression abroad I am aware, said the Kentuckian, but it is only a romantic fancy. That is the woman, and no mistake. She ought to have been hanged on the same gailows with her infatuated victim, Beauchamp but the tender-hearted, soft-headed Kentuckians would not hang a woman if she should slay the archangel that stands in the presence of the Eternal Throne."

I remarked that I had thought she loved Beauchamp.

"Do you observe a brindled dog trotting beneath her carriage? That dog has a higher place in her regard than ever poor Beauchamp enjoyed. A woman does not send the man she loves to commit a deed for which she knows he will surely die. Beauchamp was her mere tool, for whom she cared nothing at all. Sharpe was the ideal of her heart; but when he descrted her and married another woman, her love took the form of rancor. Byron says that bell hath no fury like a woman scorned, and he says most truly."

Probably no circumstance of the kind ever created such an interest in the public mind as the Beauchamp tragedy. At the time of its occurrence it was the theme of conversation wherever the English language was spoken. Unto the time of the outbreak of the excitement which cuiminated in the civil war, it is safe to say that over boy and girl in Kentucky was familiar with its de

MARINE INTELLIGENCE,

Sun rises. 5 34 Sun sets. 0 21 Moon sets. 2 27
Hole warra-ruis bay
Sandy Hook. 5 00 Gov. Island. 5 58 Hell Gate... 7 20

Ss Golden Horn, Valder, West Hartlepool, Ss Yeldo, Owens, Hull. Ss Actilities, Bacon, Poliadelphia Shin Steinvora, McIntosh, Laverpool, Ss Brrannic, Perry, Queenstown, Ss P Caland, Deddes, Rotterdam, Ss Guif Stream, Invarian, Charleston, Ss Wycliffe, Fuller, Cardid, Ss Wycliffe, Fuller, Cardid, Ss Tagus, Ciark, Laverpool. se P Caland, Deddies, Rotterdam,
se Gint Stream, Incraine, Charleston,
se Wychife, Fuller, Cardiff,
Se Tagus, Clark, Laverpool,
Se Francoina, Bragg, Fortland,
Ship Nightnigale, Oben, London,
Ship Sirkobert Feel, Larrabee London,
Ship Sirkobert Feel, Larrabee London,
Ship Sir Robert, Feel, Larrabee, London,
Bark Kohg Oscar, Jensen, Gloucester,
Bark Win Gynther, Meinnde, Cronstadt,
Bark JW Bartis U, Burtlett, Marseilles,
Bark Andel, Parlow, London,
Bark Jaga, Olsen, London,
Bark Liga, Olsen, London,
Bark Tale, Bonnie, Film, Cardiff,
Bark Tide, Bonnie, Leith,
Bark Triton, Cattarinich, Leith,
Brig H H McGilvey, Bangor,
Brig I Houston, Staples, Cardenas,
Brig Arabel, Harvey, Cheverie,
Brig Daisy Boynton, Appleby Portland,
Brig Stap, Robinson, Have,
Brig Stap, Robinson, Have,
Brig Stap, Robinson, Have, DROPPED DEAD BY A COFFIN. STRICKEN WITH HEART DISEASE WHEN

HIS WORK WAS ALMOST DONE.

An Old Man's Hand Raised for a Blow, a Nail Half Driven, and a Life Put Sud-denly Out-Beath in His Own Workshop, On Thursday afternoon Matthias Wilhelm was at work, as he had been on any afternoon

for thirty years, making a coffin. He was an old man of 74, with long hair and a long moustache, both as white as snow. He was a Dane by birth, but in middle age he came to this country, and finding the demand for such work constant and fairly profitable, he has been a coffin maker ever since, and out of the necessi-ties of the dead has made for himself a decent living. His companions say that he was a kind old man, that he nailed the parts of a coffin together justly, and that he never did any harm to anybody. The sound of his hammer in his old age was slow but constant, and arose in the morning among the earliest and ceased at night with the latest. He said little but worked hard, everybody liked him, and the coffins that he put together were almost innu-

The shop in which the old Dane was at work on Thursday afternoon was that of Mr. Stolts in the Bowery. Not the front part, with plate glass windows, where the perfected products of the place, velvet-covered and silver-handled, are attractively displayed; but the little shop back, two flights up, where the coffins get their dress. He had a bench in one corner, the best corner in the room, next to an open window overlooking a broad expanse of tarred roof and a forest of chimneys through which the breezes could come blowing upon him in the warm

season.

As Wilhelm stood at his bench on Thursday

could come blowing upon him in the warm season.

As Wilhelm stood at his bench on Thursday afternoon all the tools necessary to his work were scattered about him, convenient to his hand. The saw, the plane, the draw knife, the glue pot, and hammer and nails were the implements which he principally employed, and these were all lying upon his bench or hanging in easy reach just above it. The shavings that he had planed during the day made a thick carpet under his feet. He had been fitting and nailing sides on to caskets, and a pile of these, made of white pine wood, rose in sometrele around him, like a fort, almost to the rafters of the low-studded room.

Half a dozen of the Dane's fellow-workmen were busy in other parts of the shop. Hammers were striking, chips were flying, and there was a strong smell of glue. It was a few minutes before 4 o'clock. The sky without was clouded, and the room was gloomy; nevertheless, one of the coffin makers was whistling a quick air, another was singing, and the sounds arising from the brisk instruments made the place rather cheerful than otherwise. Wilhelm, with his long white hair and moustache, was bending over a half-completed coffin. A board which formed the base of the same was held fast in the vise attached to the side of his workbench, and he was fitting and nailing a side to it. Nail after nail sank into the soft wood, under the blows of the old man's hammer. He had bent the plant side of the coffin little by little, and a long row of closely driven nails held it firmly to the edge of the base. There was but one more nail to be driven. The old coffin maker passed his hand along his almost completed work, changed his hammer from his right hand to his left, and poked with his fingers among his stock of nails in order to pick out a good one for the last. He found one to suit him, turned it over in his palm once or twice as if it were a pleasing thing to contemplate, set it to the wood, and with a slight tap of his hammer for another blow, but the blow was not given. For an and without a word he fell dead a shavings at the foot of his workbench.

ANOTHER LIQUOR WAR.

in Long Island City.

There was great consternation among the violators of the Excise law in Long Island City yesterday when officers appeared among them with complaints against, and summonses to anhad been detected in selling liquor without lienses. Among the persons who, it is alleged, have broken the law, and against whom Mr. William H. Mundy, counsel for the Law and Order League, has instituted proceedings, are Philip Andre, Leuis Abner, Christopher Anderson, Christian Albert, Henry Bernber, John Berry, F. Bloomer, Joseph Connolly, George Cellers, Joseph Hargroove, Michael Custy, John Delahanty, Patrick Dermody, Conrad Diestel, Patrick Fitzgerald, William H. Grimes, A. Grepel, John Garry, John Hart, William Heany, Thes, Hogan, Joseph Johnson, Martin Harte, Michael

of Mr. James Monagnan, as Overseer of the Poor for Long Island City, who alleges that the detendants "did sell to sundry and divers persons strong and sprituous liquors in quantities less than five gallens at a time without having licenses therefor." Although Mr. Monaghan's name is technically used in the complaint, it is so used by Mr. Mundy in virtue of the law, which provides that when the Overseer of the Poor neglects to presecute during ten days after being informed of the off-nec, the relator can proceed in the Overseer's name. Mr. Mundy avers that Mr. Monaghan has been guilty of neglect in the matter. Every violator of the Excise law in selling liquor without license is subject to a fine of \$50.

The evidence against the accused persons was procured in the following manner: Five detectives were employed by the Law and Order League to visit every barroom and hotel the proprietors of which had no license to sell liquor. The detectives were instructed to purchase drinks in every piace, but they were prohibited from drinking the liquor purchased; they were merely to tobeli their tongues or lips to the glass, so as to be able to testify what the glass contained. The detectives had the countenance of the Commissioners of Excise. In fact, it was at the request of members of the Board that Mr. Mundy and the Law and Order League instituted the war against the liquor dealers of Long Island City. Two weeks' time was required to procure the evidence.

One of the five spies was appointed chief of the band, and to him the other four were required to make hourly reposts in person, so that he could see that they did not drink enough of the liquor to become intoxicated, and thus invalidate their evidence in court. "Spotters" were also set to watch the detectives and see that the latter did their duty. When the detectives first discovered that they were being watched by the spotters, they indignantly ceased operations, but soon resumed their work again.

watched by the spetters, they indignantly ceased operations, but soon resumed their work again.

A map of Long Island City was procured, and upon it was marked the location of every unlicensed barroom and hotel, and the territory was laid out in routes for the detectives, thus greatly systematizing their operations.

In addition to the 139 persons against whom proceedings have been begun. Mr. Mundy has a list of 61 other alleged violators of the Excise law, and in every case he says he has in his possession the required evidence to prosecute.

The fact that the delinquents would be required to answer became rumored about among the liquor sellers a week ago, and the result was a rush to the Excise office to make applications for licenses. About \$1,000 came into the hands of the Treasurer of the Board within a few days; but applying for a license does not exempt the violators of the law from prosecution for past offences, although it is said that the prosecutors are not inclined to pressent profilers were busy until a late hour last night serving the summonses and complaints, and even then they were obliged to leave a part of the frements were busy until a late hour last night serving the summonses and complaints, and even then they were obliged to leave a part of their work to be fluished to-morrow. Some of the dealers, upon receiving the papers, used profina language, while others were inclined to take the matter philosophically; but nearly all agreed to club together and engage legal counsel to defend their case in court. The initial steps were taken for forming a Long Island City Liquor Dealers' Association.

Some of the liquor dealers threatened to drown all spices that Mandy set over there in the East River." This deterred some detectives who were new in the business. Those engaged in the detective work carried pistols. The police the East River." This deterred some detectives who were new in the business. Those engaged in the detective work carried pistois. The police stood ready to assist them.

Applications are coming in from all parts of the State for detectives to obtain evidence against violators of the law. The movement is not, strictly speaking, a temperance one, but emanates from Boards of Excise that desire the enforcement of the law.

neunced that the Russians occupied Batoum on Friday morning, the 6th inst.

A telegram from Constantinope confirms the report that the Russians have occupied Batoum, and says that the entry was perfectly peaceable.

Business Motices.

Ploritine! for the Teeth and Breath, is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleaness partially decayed teeth from all parasites, or living "animalcule," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. THE FRAGRANT "FLORILINE or tobacco smoke. Being partly composed of honey soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly narmiess, and debrooks as sherry. armiess, and debeious as sherry.

Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493 Oxford st. Lonon, England, and retailed everywhere. Price, 75 cents.

Distance Lends Enchantment!

Mand had a fine figure, good face, and pretty name. One should see her at a distance. When she began to talk, you realized that she never used SOZODONT. Her breath was unlike the breezes of Araby the blest.

Isane Smith's Umbrellas Best in the World. witch, from 25c, Guanaco, park, from 25c, Guanaco, park, from 25c, Ingham, any size, from \$4 \text{Lidead sik, par, frame 2} \text{UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS MADE TO ORDER, WALKING CANES IN EVERY VARIETY, Prices unnorm in each of our five stores.

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A .- Rupture, - Dr. Marsh's treatment is the

Fall Styles Fine Silk Hats, \$3.20; worth \$5. The Fall Pashion of Hats for Gentlemen are

BENJAMIN-GARDINER - In Brooklyn, Sept. 5, by the Rev. Henry E. Nies, D.D., W. W. Benjamin of Sing Sing to Miss Jennie N., daughter of the late Rev. Hugh B. Gardi HUNT-KING.—On the 5th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Ray, HUNT-KING.—On the 5th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Ray, the residence of the bible's parents, Mr. Abraham R. unt to Miss Ida May King, daughter of Henry W. King, Hunt to Miss left May King, diagnher of Hellity W. Schog, Esq. of flits city.

18 Gill S.—DAY —At Morristown, N. J., Sept. 2, by the Rev. Dr. James C. Murray of Princeton College, Mr. John Inglis of London, England to Miss Eliza S., daughter of Henry Day, Esq. of this city.

MEAD—(ROSBY, —At the residence of Mrs. Edwin Crosby, Croton Palls, N. Y., Sept. 5, by the Rev. R. A. Black ord, Mr. States E. Mead of Golden's Bringe, N. Y., to Miss Sarah E. Crosby of Croton Palls, N. Y., MOOD—RIRBY,—At Hackensuck, N. J., on Thursley, Sept. 5, by the Rev. S. P. Hammond, A. Hamilton Mo d to Louise, daughter of the late Leonard Kirby, Esq. Esq.
FUZEY-SLIGHT-On Sept. 2. at the Garrison Church,
Halitax, N. S., by the Rev. A. J. Townsend, Sciner Chap-lain to the Forces, Arthur Bobert Puzey, Captain Royal Engineers, to Fanny Eliza, daughter of Julian Sight, Esq., of Portsmouth, England,
WILLARD-BOWESS,—At Yonkers, N. Y., on Wednes-day, Sept. 4, by the Rev. A. B. Atkins, D. Scythour Wil-land to Amelia Bowers, daughter of Henry Bowers of Yonkers.

DAY .- On Saturday, Sept. 7, Theo. P. Day, in the 41st PAY—The relatives and friends, and members of Lyccum Lodge, I O of O, F., also members of Beacon Light Encampment are respectfully idvited to attend the funeral on Monday, Sept. 9, at 2 P. M., from the Second Baptist Church, Alusies et. Williamsburgh, L. I. DUNLAP—On Friday, Sept. 6, Joshua M. Dunlap, aged 6) years.
Functal on Monday, 9th inst, at 1 P. M. from Baptist
Church in 83d st. between 2d and 3d avs.
DAVIS.—In Philadelphia, Sept. 3, Miss Julia Davis, years.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend
the funeral from her late residence, 62 King st., South
Brooklyn, on Sunday, 8th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.
MILLET -In New Orleans, Sept. 2, the Very Rev., Joseph Marie Millet, Vi ar General of the diocese of New PAYSON.-In Hope, Mr., Aug. 26, Col. Asa Payson, ohn Smith, and 02 years, SMITH.—In Philadelphia, Sept. 5, Penelope Smith, in easth year of her ag. SHEA.—On Friday, Sept. 6, Margaret Shea, a native of e parks of Donoighmore, County Tyrone, Ireland,

god 58 years.

He arives and friends are respectfully invited to attend
ner timeral on Sunday, Sept. 8, from her late residence,
northwest corner of 129th st., and 4th av., at 2 P. M. Special Hotices.

THE CHARITY HOSPITAL OF NEW OR-LEANS has a world-wide reputation as a significant of the class anywhere. In the present affine tel condition of the Crescent City at seems providential that its existence has been maintained during many veries of political and financial distress by the liberal endowments and rewar gravilities of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, so that to buy a the contraction of the Grand Distribution

WILL POSITIVELY TAKE PLACE

at New Orleans on The-stay, Sept. 10, 1837, prizes, amounting to \$10.498. Capital prizes, \$30.093, \$10.000, \$5,000 Ac. 10,000 fickets, two \$2.00 dars, halves, one \$6 dollar, Apply to H. L. Flat M, 30 Broadway, New York. Office open Monday evening until bayclock.

\$115,400 CASH IN PRIZES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Dear Sir

Draws Sept. 14. Capital Prizes, \$15,000, \$8,000, and \$5,000, and two of \$2,500, together, \$07,025. Whole tickets, \$1. WILLIAMSON & CO., 500 Broadway.

Blusical Instruments.

A . SECOND-HAND planes, \$25, \$50, \$75, and A . \$101, first-class new agright and square planed of the term, \$5 per month, macaline his taken, legating hear 7 atop parties, \$75 golden organ, \$7 71 OCTAVE four round corner plane, little used: \$6 dettorgan. BILLINGS & CO. 21 East 14th st. \$100. BEAUTIFUL reseased planeforte, \$3 waverley place, near Broadway.

Miscellancous. DIVORCES obtained Charges underste, a like D. WILLIAMS, Agent of the Louisiana State

THE nortible noise and rattings of the cievate crain to a sure remedy. Address BATTLING, bux 167, San office 18 ELEGANT new state Chronic College October OEO, L. REED & CO., No.

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Lyst 18 Diamon b store, 025 Broadway, near monds to be found in New York. Diamonds, closses, carrings, necklaces, rugs, newlyst, Ac., and at prices 25 per cent, cheaper than any other house.

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